

What's Stranger Is That This Is 'Normal' by roxie_hart

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: After Eleven (Stranger Things) Closes the Gate, F/M, Jancy, Jonathan Byers is Complicated, Lax (Lucas and Max), Mileven, Slow Build, Slow Romance

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Relationships: Eleven & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Jonathan Byers & Nancy Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler & Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers & Eleven & Dustin Henderson & Lucas Sinclair & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers & Eleven & Dustin Henderson & Maxine "Max" Mayfield & Lucas Sinclair & Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

A replaying of the last day of the -second- worst week of their lives from Nancy's point of view. Will continue with what probably would happen afterwards.

Chapter 2:

"Jonathan Byers, are you asking me on a date?" Nancy pulled away slightly to stare at Jonathan.

"I-I mean," He blushed, "Yeah... I am."

1. The Last Night Of Craziness

Author's Note:

This is my first fanfic for Stranger Things sooo...
don't get so judgemental, I'm just a baby with an
imagination.

This is hella unbeta-ed

Jancy is my life but so is Mileven.

Tell me what you think!

Nancy looked at her brother and the strange girl that had saved his life nearly a year before were reunited. If they weren't just nearly killed by a 'demo-dog' she might have smiled and oohed at them hugging, instead she inwardly smiled.

She missed what they said to each other but she didn't miss how Hopper and Eleven hugged like father and daughter or how Mike shoved Hopper. Jesus, that kid was going to get himself killed one day, if they lived through this.

As He and Hopper disappeared into a room to 'talk' she stole a glance at Jonathan. The ride home had been filled with silence and half-hearted attempts to start some kind of conversation. Neither talked about what happened the night before, not wanting to break whatever friendship (can we even call it that?) they had.

As if sensing her gaze on him, Jonathan's eyes flickered up towards her and they both shifted and looked away. Right now they had more important things going on like saving Will or defeating the 'Mind Flayer'.

She followed Joyce and Eleven into the dining room area. She heard several pairs of feet following her most likely Lucas and Dustin and the other girl... Max? Then she heard the door open with a slight squeak and a pair of heavy steps followed by a lighter set.

She looked towards her smaller brother who looked like he had been crying then at the tear stains on Hopper's jacket.

"We need to close the gate." were the first words that cut through her thoughts and observations.

"How?" was Hopper's slightly sceptical response.

"I can do it." Eleven said, wiping away the bit of blood that trickled out of her nose from killing the Demo-dog.

Hopper sighed, knowing that nothing he said would deter the scared mother and stubborn girl with superpowers. "It's not like it was before. It's grown. A lot." he ran a hand through his hair before dropping it to his side. "And, I mean, that's considering we can get in there. The place is crawling with those dogs."

"Demo-dogs." Dustin piped up, slightly more cheerfully than the situation had allowed anyone else.

"I'm sorry, what?"

"I said, uh," Dustin noticed that everyone was staring directly at him. "Demo-dogs. Like Demogorgon and dogs. You put them together, it sounds pretty badass."

"How is this important right now? It's not."

"I'm sorry." Dustin muttered stepping back towards the edge of the room. Nancy knew how he felt. It wasn't that fair that Hopper was taking out his anger on the small teenager, they were all just a little bit nervous and impatient from this all.

"I can do it." Eleven repeated making all eyes turn to her again.

"You're not hearing me."

"I'm hearing you." Eleven said, slightly puzzled at the phrase. "I can do it."

"Even if El can, there's still another problem." Mike said finally before continuing what he was saying. "If the brain dies, the body dies."

"I thought that was the whole point." Max pointed out.

"It is, but if we're really right about this I mean, if El closes the gate and kills the mind flayer's army..."

"Will's a part of that army." Lucas said, his eyes widening.

"Closing the gate will kill him."

Joyce got up and walked towards Will's room, opening the door stiffly before she walked in. They followed filling the room up. Nancy stared at the small boy laying in the bed. He looked so small, so pale. She looked up at the window and slammed closed.

"He likes it cold." Joyce half muttered to herself and to the group.

"What?"

"It's what Will kept saying to me. He likes it cold. We keep giving it what it wants."

"If this is a virus, and Will's the host, then..." Jonathan continued what Nancy was thinking.

"Then we need to make the host uninhabitable."

"So if he likes it cold..." Nancy started again, slightly surprised (and happy) that she and Jonathan had the same idea.

"We need to burn it out of him." Joyce said, her voice firmer than usual.

"We have to do it somewhere he doesn't know this time."

"Yeah, somewhere far away."

"I have an idea where we could do this." Hopper said before gathering up Will in a blanket and picking him up. Jonathan and Joyce followed closely, concern clearly etched in their features.

"Take Denfield, then you'll see a large oak tree. You're gonna swing a right. That road is gonna dead-end. And it's about a five-minute walk from there." Hopper's voice faded away and Nancy went to that back door, remembering the heaters in the pile of junk they had cleared

out of shed-turned-interrogation room. She heard a pair of feet shuffle behind her but she didn't turn to look, instead busying herself by shifting the pile looking for the heaters. She glanced up at a pair of feet that she knew belonged to Steve. Her boyfriend, ex-boyfriend. She felt a twinge of guilt from what had happened last night with Jonathan.

"You should go with him." his voice cut across her thoughts and she looked up at him.

"What?"

"With Jonathan."

"No, I'm..." *in love with you, a lie she couldn't say again.* Nancy scoffed, "I'm not just gonna leave Mike." *and you, another lie, this one she wish she could say.*

"No one's leaving anyone. I may be a pretty shitty boyfriend, but turns out I'm actually a pretty damn good babysitter."

"Steve." Nancy started as he handed a heater over to her. She saw the pained expression on his face that *she* had caused.

"It's okay, Nance." She could nearly hear the invisible words that hug in the air as she reached for it, that their relationship was doomed to start with, being built on lies that they didn't need to talk about, that the lies that had become their reality weren't real. "It's okay."

She hugged the heater to her chest as he walked away, shattering whatever fragment of a romantic relationship that they had left between them.

Nancy took a deep breath before picking up the heaters, four in total, and lugging them towards Jonathan's car. As she approached the trunk of the beat-up old car, wordlessly, Jonathan opened it and

helped her put them in.

She opened her mouth but the words trapped in her throat seemed inadequate to what she wanted to say. Not daring to glance up at him, she closed the trunk and walked towards the passenger front door.

She looked over as Jonathan slid in a second after her, the car door squeaking, and started the car, the engine rattling a second before catching. She glanced out of the corner of her eyes at the back of the car, seeing Joyce cradling Will's head in her lap while whispering some words to him. Nancy swallowed passed the lump in her throat.

She looked at the road ahead of them, before her eyes drifted to Jonathan, his jaw firmly set then to his hands which clutched at the steering wheel so hard that his knuckles turned white.

With a bit of daring she didn't know she had, she reached across the short expanse between them and grazed her fingers down his forearm. He unwinded, letting out a small sigh before letting go of the steering wheel with his right hand and placing it down at the small divider. She slid her hand into his and they held hands tightly, Nancy wasn't talking but she knew her action had calmed him down a bit, relieving just some of the weight on his shoulders.

When they reached where Hoppertold them to go, Jonathan paused for a second before Nancy released her grip on his hand and she instantly missed the warmth it had provided her with, Jonathan turned off the engine. They walked to the cabin in silence only broken with the small pants coming from Jonathan, carrying Will up the small hill winding him. When they opened the door they set down the heaters and Jonathan placed Will on the couch with a tenderness.

Nancy broke the quiet. "It's actually kinda nice."

Joyce let out a small breath, "We'll do it here."

That set them off, clearing the middle of the cabin and setting up a cot for Will and tying his hands and feet to the metal frame of the bed. Nancy set up a fire in the fireplace as Jonathan and Joyce set up the heaters.

“Are you sure this is a good idea?” Nancy heard Jonathan say slowly.

“This thing has had Will long enough. Let's kill the son of a bitch.” Joyce said before turning on the nearest heater and Nancy sturk a match before throwing it on the wood. The flame quickly grew before overtaking the wood pile completely. The cabin warmed up within a few minutes and they stood in silence carefully watching Will's still form.

As the heat slowly got to an unbearable level, Nancy turned away for a second taking off her jacket and her shirt, leaving her in her undershirt. Jonathan and Joyce did the same as the heat grew. After a while Will moaned before he gasped and pulled on the ropes around his wrists. He looked around before centering on them.

“What's happening? It hurts.” Will said before writhing around, tugging on the ropes trying to get free.

Jonathan grabbed Nancy's hand as Will started to scream from the heat.

“It hurts! It hurts! It hurts! It hurts! Let me go! Let me go! It hurts! It hurts! Let me go! Let me go! It hurts!” Will begged before realizing they weren't going to help him. Instead he started to scream and groan as he twisted around, rubbing his wrist so they turned raw and bloodied. Joyce seemed to snap, turning up the heaters to their max.

“Mom.” Jonathan said.

“No!” Was her response.

Will continued to scream and Nancy's stomach started to roll in anger, protesting the heat and Will's screams. Jonathan turned away, burying his face into Nancy's shoulder. She held him tighter, covering his ears with her forearms in a vain attempt to block out the sounds.

“Let me go! Let me go! Let me go!” Will screamed.

Jonathan seemed to snap, turning towards his mother, “It's not working. It's not working. Mom, are you listening to me?”

“Just wait!”

“How much longer? Look- look at him!” Jonathan moved towards to the nearest heater, he needed to turn it down, he couldn't stand to torture his brother. Even if Will wasn't himself.

“Jonathan, wait!” Joyce said, pulling his hand away from the heater.

“You're killing him!” Jonathan cried out, his face clearly showing how much pain this caused him.

“Just wait!”

“No!”

“No, leave it!”

“You're killing him!”

“Leave it!”

“Wait, Jonathan, Jonathan! His neck! His neck!” Nancy said, pushing the two part from each other and the heater. They all looked as black veins appeared on Will's neck moving towards his face. Will stopped screaming and snapped the ropes around one of his wrist before reaching around to snap the other one.

Joyce moved quickly, pushing Will to the bed before a hand snaked up to her neck choking her.

“No, no, no, no.” Jonathan said, trying to loosen Will's grip on Joyce's neck but it was fruitless. The creature inside of Will had unnatural strength

Nancy looked on, frozen in place. Her eyes glanced to the fire and Nancy crossed the distance and grabbed the poker that's tip was in

the fire just enough to have become cherry-red. She paused for a second because it was *still* Will but she snapped out of it when she heard the choked gasps from Joyce and rammed it against Will's stomach.

Will cried out and dropped his hand and for a second Nancy lost of her conviction for her action, horror that maybe she hadn't helped before the black veins traveled up to his mouth and black smoke poured out. The smoke sped through the door, the eerie unnatural fog seeming to cry out against the heat of the room. Nancy followed, watching as it dissipated in the air.

Joyce cried out clutching at Will's now still form. "Will, baby. Will. Will."

"Please, Will." Jonathan begged, hugging his mother and holding tightly to Will's hand.

"Will."

"Come on, buddy."

"Please. Can you hear me?"

"Come on. Come on."

"Come on Will." Nancy muttered, unable to look away but unable to move any closer. she bounced on her feet, her hands tightening into fist and she willed the boy to wake up. "Wake up, wake up."

"Please." Joyce cried, shaking Will. "Will." Joyce crumbled into tears.

"Mom?" Will's thin wavering voice called and Joyce gasped, wiping away her tears.

"Oh, honey."

"Oh, God." Jonathan let out in a shuddering gasp before running to the radio, "Chief, are you there? Chief, do you copy?"

"Yeah, I copy." came the gruff, staticky response.

Jonathan panted before he looked up at Nancy, his eyes hardening, "Close it."

It seemed like time was stretching, Nancy glanced at her watch every seconds, before the lights started to flicker, Jonathan's hand found hers and she looked at him as the lights brighten, enough to blind them. Then it stopped, the lights returned to their regular brightness. She let out a breath she didn't know she was holding.

"We should go home... I don't know how but I-I think that was El." Nancy said after a while.

Jonathan nodded and then dropped his gaze to their hands. Neither dropped their hand and Nancy slowly moved towards the door. They were followed by Joyce clutching at Will who was very slowly shuffling towards the car. They rode in the car in silence to Will's house.

When they reached home, Hopper was there as well as everyone else. Nancy watched from the sidelines as everyone was reunited. She smiled slightly before slowly detaching from the room and moving to the front porch.

She sat down at the bench, sighing as she relaxed. Dawn wasn't very far away and the sky was turning into a blueish-grey. The door squeaked open and Nancy watched as Jonathan moved towards her. She moved to the end and patted the bench.

They sat in silence, watching as the sun rose.

"I'm sorry." Nancy said, breathlessly.

"For what?"

"For not waiting for you. I should've waited longer before-"

"No...No...I'm sorry for making you wait." Jonathan shook his head.

After a while Nancy spoke again. "I know I wanted to talk to you so many times about what happened that week this past year but every time I thought about what I was going to say, I didn't. 'Hey.

Remember that week when your younger brother got kidnapped by a faceless monster and we teamed up to kill it but it escaped and nearly killed my younger brother? Yeah that was fun.” Nancy joked. “so I ignored it, thinking if we really needed to talk we would.” She slowly moved her hand towards his and they touched before Jonathan turned his hand over letting their fingers intertwine.

Jonathan let out a breathless laugh, “yeah...I wanted to do the same but then I would see you with Steve before...” Something in the way his voice hardened at the end told Nancy everything they weren't saying.

“Jonathan?” Nancy said, looking at him.

“Yeah?”

“He was right. I do retreat... but not this time.” Nancy squeezed his hand slightly as he tensed beside her.

“I...I *don't* have trust issues,” He said with a firm tone. With a glance at Nancy's raised eyebrow he started again. “Okay, maybe, I-I do keep people at a distance an-and m-*maybe, sometimes*, I lash out when people get to close But...” He paused looking at Nancy, searching her eyes for something. He found it and then he started up again. “But I trust you.” He moved closer to her, never once looking away from her eyes. She moved too, tilting her head so they could move closer...

The door squeaked open and they jumped apart, releasing their hands and they stared up as Joyce's head popped out.

“Jonathan...” Her voice trailed off when she saw Nancy's head behind him. “Oh... um... there's some food in here that's going to go bad so... breakfast feast.” She smiled slightly as the pair, her gaze knowing before she popped back in.

Jonathan got up and Nancy called after him, “I'll wait. I don't care how long.”

He paused and looked back at her. He nodded, “I know. I have a feeling it's not going to take long.”

Joyce called him again and he disappeared through the door.

2. The Snow Ball

Summary for the Chapter:

“Jonathan Byers, are you asking me on a date?”
Nancy pulled away slightly to stare at Jonathan.

“I-I mean,” He blushed, “Yeah... I am.”

One month later... Today's the Snow Ball

Nancy fixed her hair and then glanced at the mirror again, checking her outfit. Feet pounded outside her door and Mike came into her room.

“Come on! We're going to be late.” Mike said, and Nancy sighed before looking at the mirror one last time. Mike rolled his eyes, “You look the same like the last 49 times. Now get downstairs.”

Mike pushed Nancy out of her room then down the stairs. “Okay! Okay, I can walk, you know.” Nancy protested but she allowed him to continue to push her to the car.

Their dad was already in the car, ready to drop them off at the school.

Nancy opened her door and Mike darted in, taking the front seat. “Mike!” She groaned playfully before closing the door and taking the back seat. They rode in silence and Nancy quickly jumped out, followed closely by her younger brother.

“You go in first, I want stay out here.”

“What?” Nancy bumped his shoulder. “Scared I'll embarrass you?”

“What?! No.” Mike blushed, “I just want to wait for-”

“El.” Nancy said, confirmed with a nod a second later. “Well I better leave you to your waiting.” She slowly walked in and was set to work, pouring punch for people as they walked up.

“Hey Nance.” Dustin walked in, his hair catching more than one pair of eyes.

“Hey.” She watched as he made his way over to Mike and his friends and she smiled.

She absentmindedly handed a boy a cup of punch and he wrinkled his nose at it.

“What’s in this?”

“Pure fuel.” She said as he walked away, sniffing at the cup.

She looked around and saw Jonathan, he was taking photos of groups of kids as they walked up. Jonathan turned around, as if knowing that she was looking at him.

She raised a cup towards him, a ghost of a smile on her lips, he did the same with his camera before turning around to another group to take their photos. She sighed before dropping her gaze, she had said she was going to wait for him but it had been over a month and other than the occasional passing in the hallway or being teamed up for a period for an experiment they hadn’t talked about that week or the hook-up. She blushed at that thought before she slid away from the punch bowl, someone taking her spot so she could dance.

She looked over at Dustin, who was being rejected by a girl. She quietly slid over to him and cleared her throat. “Hey.”

“Hey.” Dustin said, his normally cheerful smile gone.

“Wanna dance?”

“What?” Dustin looked up at her as she took his hand and led him to the center of the dancing area.

“Come on. Let’s go.” She stopped, then faced Dustin. “Here.”

“Mmm-hmm.” Dustin said, slowly moving closer to Nancy and he started to shift around, a feeble attempt to dance.

“Closer. A little closer.”

“Okay.”

“Now feel the music. The rhythm. Start to move to it.” Nancy instructed the younger boy. “Yeah. There.”

“Good?” He grinned at her as he started to dance the proper way.

“That's good.” Nancy couldn't help but smile at the return of Dustin's cheerful face.

“Yeah. Okay.”

“You know, out of all of my brother's friends, you're my favorite. You've always been my favorite.” She said as she looked up to see Jonathan staring at her, camera in hand, taking a photo of her and Dustin dancing.

“Really?”

“Yeah.” She chuckled as she glanced over at the group of girls that had rejected Dustin now staring at them and murmuring, “Girls this age are dumb. But give them a few years, and they'll wise up. And, uh, you're gonna drive them nuts.”

“You think so?” Dustin looked over to the girl's, hope etched in his face.

“Oh, I know so.” Nancy confirmed as the song ended and she and Dustin walked towards the edge of the room. Dustin parted to try his luck again, this time he and another girl started to dance.

She smiled at that and without thought she found herself slowly moving towards Jonathan.

“Hey.” She smiled as he whirled around, surprise at the closeness of her showing in his eyes.

“Oh, hey.” he said.

“Do you wanna dance?” she asked, blushing with a sudden burst of shyness.

“Oh, ah.” he looked at the set, which up til now had always been full with kids that wanted their photos taken, now empty. “Sure.”

He took her hand and led the way to the dance floor. They slowly got into a groove with each other, they were pushed together even closer as more people made their to dance.

“How’s Will?” Nancy asked, breaking the unbearable silence between them.

“He’s fine... still has a few coughs once in a while after his, uh, unexpected illness.” Jonathan said, they were so close together they were nearly hugging. Nancy could smell the chemicals on him from the dark room he no doubt was in before the dance.

She nodded her head, humming along with the song.

“How’s Mike?”

She sighed, “he keeps asking Hop if he could go visit El and he keeps getting shot down.” she lifted her eyes at the said boy who was looking quite alone, Lucas dancing with Max and Will dancing with another girl.

She raised her eyebrows when she saw Eleven walk towards him. “Is that...?” She trailed off and Jonathan followed her gaze.

He let out a chuckle, “Yep... that’s El and Mike dancing. I guess Hop got tired of saying no to both kids.”

They danced in silence after awhile, watching as Mike tried to dance in amusement.

“Jonathan?” Nancy said softly.

“Yeah?”

“How are you?”

“I’m...I’m fine.” he paused, “I like this.”

“Me too.” she smiled at Jonathan.

“Would you...Would you like to do this again?” He stuttered.

“Jonathan Byers, are you asking me on a date?” Nancy pulled away

slightly to stare at Jonathan.

"I-I mean," He blushed, "Yeah... I am."

"Yes." Nancy said immediately.

"What?"

"Yes... I'm done waiting. I want to go on a date with you."

"Really?"

"No, I'm talking to the guy next to you." she joked and he smirked.

"I'm not good with emotions." He blurted out as they started to dance again.

"I know." she murmured into his shoulder.

"I'm just...I'm not good with talking about them and..." He stopped dancing and looked at Nancy. "I've never felt this way before."

"Me neither."

"But what about..." Jonathan trailed off.

"It wasn't like with Steve. This... this is better, this is- this feels more real." Nancy paused to look up at Jonathan and their breaths caught as they stared at each other. Time seemed to slow down. "I really really like you, Jonathan and it's not just because of 'the real shit, shared trauma'. And I'm glad this happened... I mean I'm glad that Will nearly died, twice, but that we met. If it hadn't happened I would have probably married Steve, I would still believe that monsters only existed in nightmares, and I would be completely and utterly... miserable." Nancy paused, breathless after her gush. She opened her mouth to speak again but Jonathan dipped his head.

Their lips brushed, electricity coursing through both of them from the small gesture. They smiled at each other and Nancy stood up on the tips of her toes and kissed him, Nancy running her hand through his hair at his neck. They parted after a second, realizing they weren't alone and probably more than one pair of eyes had seen the reaction. They blushed at the same time, the small kiss enough to make them embarrassed when they had worked together even after having, cough, cough, sex.

"I like you too. Really like you." he whispered in her ear, "I waited, this time, because I didn't know if you wanted that night was just a one time thing or-"

"Something more. I really want it to be something more."

The song ended and Nancy paused, unsure if what just happened had, in fact, happened.

"Nancy!" Mike ran up to them, followed closely by Eleven. "Jonathan." His gaze shifted from his sister, whose lips were extremely kiss-swollen and Jonathan who was blushing and look quite uneven, hair sticking up weird angles. "El- I mean Jane's here."

"Yes...yes we saw." Nancy said, breathlessly, glancing at Jonathan who ran a hand through his hair, trying to pat it down.

"I came to dance, Mike." El said quietly after a while, tugging at Mike's hand.

"Yes, right... right." With a last glance at the two, the pair walked away.

"Well... I hope you didn't want to keep this a secret, knowing Mike, Will probably knows already." Nancy grinned at him.

"So..." He scratched the back of his neck.

"That happened. And I hope you still want that date." she said as Will came up and started to tug on Jonathan's arm.

"You won't believe what just happened." Will said breathlessly glancing at Nancy. "I just danced...with a girl."

"Oh really?" Jonathan quirked an eyebrow at Will before staring at Nancy. "See you around." He said, walking with Will to where they could start talking off to the side.

Nancy sighed before returning to her punch station, spending the night giving cups of punch to moody -almost- teenagers.

Finally the kids were sent home and Nancy walked towards the car

where Mike and their dad waited for them. Mike was in the back seat but she still sat in the back to, wanting to relax and lay her head down.

“So are you with Jonathan now?”

“What?” Nancy avoided the question, “Are you and El together?”

“What?! N-no.” Mike scoffed and went silent.

After a few minutes he spoke up again this time softly, trying not to alert their dad, “I kissed her...a year ago. After you and Jonathan left and we were alone in the cafeteria so I kissed her. And then while we were dancing I kissed her again.”

Mike flinched when Nancy’s hand appeared above his head, ruffling up his hair he had worked hard on to tame.

“Good for you bud.” Nancy smiled gently as Mike swatted her hand away, faking annoyance.

The car ride home was quiet after that, only once interrupted when Ted asked them how the dance was. Both responded a little too quickly, “fine.”

Notes for the Chapter:

Oh My Upside Down.

El, sweetie, you are the best, sassing Mike and saving Nancy and Jonathan in the same moment.

Nancy and Jonathan... There are no words...

Will's too innocent...

I just loved writing this so tell me what you think!

3. The Rattling Rusty Car

Summary for the Chapter:

I know, I know, it's pretty short but I wanted to get this off as quickly as possible.

If there are any grammar mistakes that's because I speed wrote this! it took me about 15 minutes and 30 minutes filling it out.

Glimpse:

He shot her a grateful look and reached for the cup, his fingertips stopping to rest on her's and Nancy felt a spark as they touched.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thanks to all who left kudos! You give me more warmth than a bonfire in a blizzard (which is happening where I am, the blizzard not the bonfire)

Nancy took a deep breath and smoothed her blouse one more time. She jumped as the door was tried, probably her mom wanting to tell her that Jonathan was here but she still had a wave of fear hit her from the days of monster hunting.

“Nancy... Jonathan’s here.” Her mother said, her voice slightly muffled from the door and Nancy let out a breath she didn’t know she was holding. The sudden panic in her stomach melting into butterflies, her stomach doing flip flops.

“Coming.” Nancy called softly, checking in the mirror and fixing an invisible strand of hair before throwing on her coat. She opened the door and walked swiftly down the stairs stopping only to push one of Holly’s toys out of the way.

Nancy stopped in front of the door, taking a breath before opening the door, bracing herself for the stinging cold.

Coming face to face with Steve. They both stepped away, Steve not exactly looking anywhere near Nancy.

“Hey.”

“Hey.” He muttered before he moved past Nancy to where Mike and Will were sitting.

Nancy stared after him before she closed the door, a slight crease on her forehead. Although they didn’t have the best relationship, Steve still managed to at least try to be nice to her, what changed?

Jonathan. Nancy felt guilty, Steve probably had seen Jonathan’s car and put one and one together.

Nancy grinned a little, the sight of Jonathan leaning against his rusty car breaking through Nancy’s guilty thoughts, he had parked across the street, still a little wary of her parents and the neighbor’s reaction. Jonathan waved as she crossed the almost always empty street, treading across the snow. Jonathan stepped into the car and Nancy followed a second afterward.

“Hey.” Nancy smiled, setting down her bag at her feet and shifting in her seat to face Jonathan.

“Hey.” Jonathan said, a smirk on his face.

“So... Where are we going?” Nancy asked, on the phone he had been vague only telling her some place with food.

She rubbed her hands together, the cold was nearly unbearable for more than ten seconds at a time.

“No spoilers.” He replied, turning the key. The car made a loud groan before starting up with a rattle. The radio started with the car, playing the song The Ghost In You.

Jonathan tapped his fingers while driving while Nancy stared out the window, trying to figure out where they were going.

“So...” Nancy started, “How’s your mom and Will?”

“Oh, they’re fine, Will’s not allowed to go anywhere but school and home.”

Nancy chuckled, “sounds a lot like he’s been grounded.”

“How’s Mike?” Jonathan said, turning the corner with a wince-inducing rattle from the car.

“He’s fine but he’s been cutting his last class, no doubt to ride over on his bike to Hopper’s cabin.” Mike had gotten in a lot of trouble, getting grounded and almost getting kicked off of the AV club, his saving grace being that their parents almost never followed through with their threats, especially when their father said he would do it (Ted’s a flake).

“Really? Sweet lil’ Mike skipping class?” he asked disbelievingly. He reached down to pick up his drink and the car swerved slightly.

“Yeah, but he keeps saying it’s not really a class ‘it’s only gym’” Nancy did her best impersonating of Mike’s slightly squeaky voice, which caused Jonathan to smile and chuckle softly. Nancy fell silent again and they listened as the song changed to one Nancy didn’t know but liked.

“They kissed, Mike and El, at the Snow Ball.” That comment left Jonathan choking on the water, his eyes wide. He coughed and his eyes grew watery and red.

“You okay?” Nancy said, grabbing his drink so he could put both hands on the steering wheel.

“Fine.” he managed to say after a few seconds. He cleared his throat, clearly not fine and Nancy offered the drink to him. He shot her a grateful look and reached for the cup, his fingertips stopping to rest on her’s and Nancy felt a spark as they touched. All too soon, his hand retreated with the cup, leaving her hand in the cold air again. She dropped her hand into her lap and fiddled with the buttons on her coat.

“So Mike’s not as innocent as everyone says.” he said softly, having recovered.

“Oh, he’s innocent alright, I asked him as he thinks the most you can do is kiss and cuddle.”

That earned a soft laugh and Nancy smiled, basking in the warmth of it. Jonathan turned his face to look at her and he smiled as well, not helping the infectious happiness that broke through his mask.

He stopped the car and Nancy realized that they were at the place. Nancy dipped her head to look at the sign on the building.

‘Sal’s Diner’ the red neon sign read and Nancy smiled.

Notes for the Chapter:

Clarification:

Sal's Diner used to be called Benny's Burgers but then he died and well... no one in Hawkins wanted to go to a place where someone had died so his brother Sal renamed it.

Author's Note:

Disclaimer: I don't own Stranger Things or any of its characters. *Cries*
Tell me what you think!